The ANSVVER to
The London Lasses Folly:

OR,

The New-found Father Discover'd at the Camp.

You Maidens that are kind and free,
I plainly must confess;
Tune is, *The Journey-man Shooe-maker.*

Be careful of Virginity,
'twill be your Happiness.
This may be Printed, *R. L. S.*

Old and Rare.

YOu Maidens wild, that were beguil'd
come listen to my Ditty,
A story strange I will relate,
was done in London City:
I was a Damsel fair and free,
or a wanton Wits more rather,
I was beguil'd, and got with-Child,
but could not tell the Father.

But when I found my Belly swell,
O what a case was I in?
I then began for to provide
some Clouts against Down-lying:
It troubled me exceedingly,
I could by no means gather,
Who me beguil'd, and got the Child,
but now I have found the Father.

In this sad plight, both day and night,
my restless Brains were beating,
Who it should be, that flattered me,
and call'd me Love and Sweeting:
Sometimes I thought a Carpenter,
and then a Glover rather,
But none of them did prove the Man,
for now I have found the Father.

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Neither was it a Butcher bold,
no Baker nor no Brewer,
While I in this sad pickle lay,
what pains did I endure?
No Serving-man I thought it was,
and then my mind would waver,
But now I find, content in mind,
for I have, &c.

So many Men I dealt withal,
that I could not conjecture,
Whether it were some Citizen,
or some Debauched Hector;
A Souldier bold, did me infold
in Arms fast clutcht together,
He, I believe, did me deceive,
and needs must be the Father.

Then to the Camp straightway went I,
to see if I could view him,
But tho' he stood before my eye,
alas! I little knew him;
He lookt on me, and blusht to see
we two should meet together,
My Belly great, he stroaked straight,
and said he was the Father.

O then my Boy did leap for joy,
and I was much contented,
That had long time, for this my Crime,
been woefully tormented;

And in mine eyes, he joy espies,
that we were met together,
Away went I immediately,
and married my Childs Father.

Now let false Man say what he can,
I Lawfully am Marry'd,
If I could not have found him than,
I grosly had miscarry'd;
I'le say no more, that Danger's o're,
and we well met together
Assuredly my Boy shall be
a Souldier like his Father.

He for his King and Countrey's right,
shall be a Vindication,
And manfully against them Fight,
who would disturb the Nation;
Then let us sing, God bless the King,
and Subjects all together,
I am, you see, from sorrow free,
my Child has got a Father.

FINIS.

Printed for *C. Dennisson*, at the *Stationers Arms* within *Aldgate*.